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Foochow Messenger

NATIONAL CRISIS NUMBER.

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The Mission and the National Crisis.....	Roderick Scott	1
Good-Bye to Dr. & Mrs. Beard.....	Will H. Topping	5
Leave Nothing to the Imagination.....	Gertrude J. Rinden	7
Highways.....	Leonard J. Christian	10
Liason Officer for Modern Medicine in China.....	Lora G. Dyer	11
The Cycle is Complete.....	Willard L. Beard	13
The Children's Year.....	Bertha H. Allen	15
Dawn at Kuliang.....	Martha Wiley	17
How They Come.....	Guy A. Thelin	19
Volunteers.....	Leona L. Burr	21
Cut-Outs.....	Josephine C. Walker	22
Straws.....	Agnes M. Christian	23
Students at Bible-study.....	Laura D. Ward	24
Cooperation.....	Will H. Topping	26

FEATURES

Quotations.....	R. Scott	4
Nursing Notes from Union Hospital.....	H. M. Atwood	6
More Nursing Notes.....	H. M. Atwood	9
The Fly Story.....	G. J. Rinden	16
Mr. Smith's Sketches.....	E. H. Smith	18
Miracles.....	E. C. Thelin	20
Another of Mr. Smith's Sketches.....	E. H. Smith	25
How Foochow College Students Prepared..	S. E. Armstrong	27
Mission News.....		23

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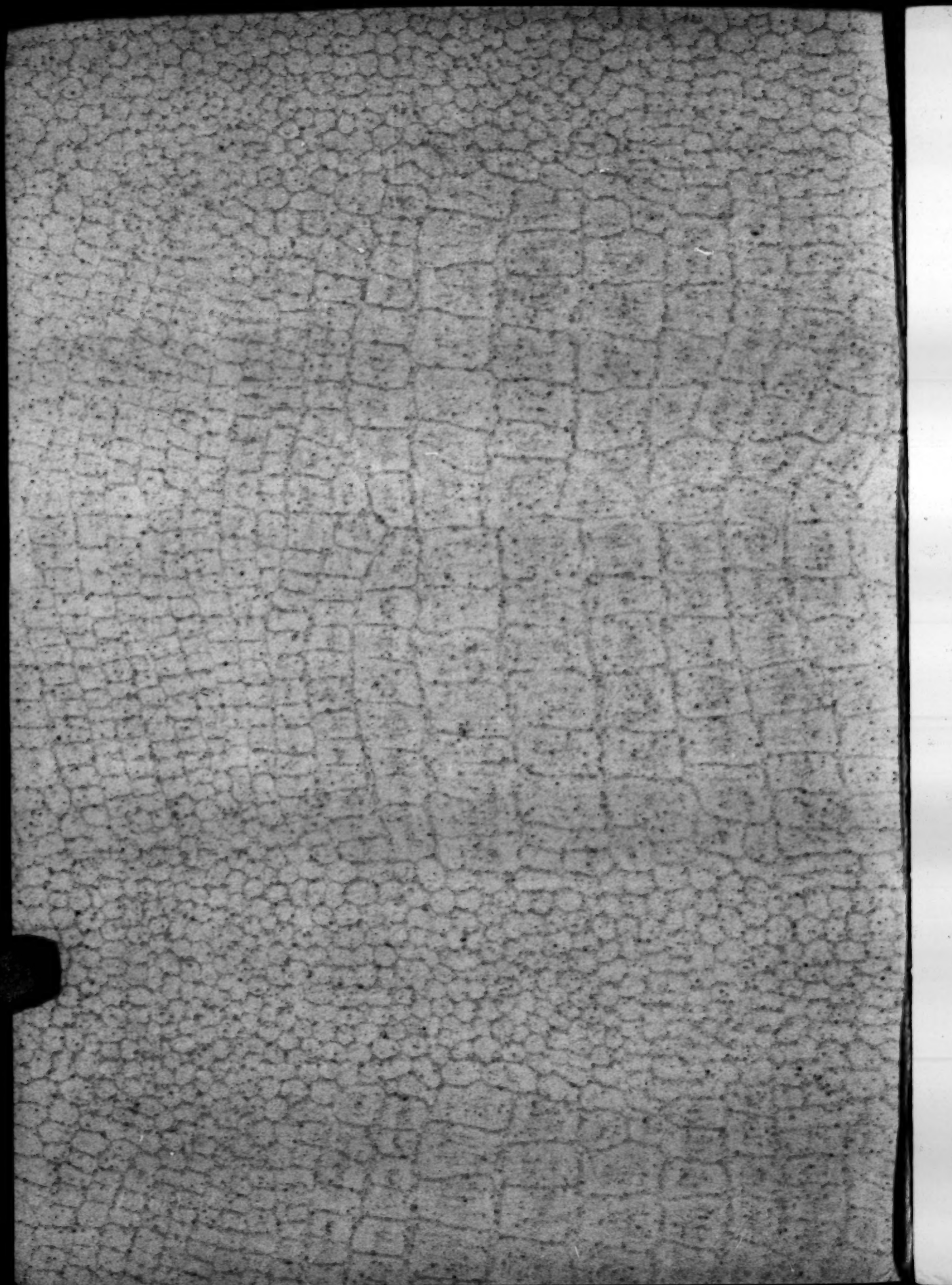
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NATIONAL CRISIS NUMBER

"My right is crushed, my center is weakening, but the situation is admirable, I am attacking."

— Marshal Foch at the Marne.

The Mission and the National Crisis

Roderick Scott

THE Mission and the National Crisis—a very ambitious title! But then the Mission is a very ambitious enterprise: it attempts great things for God, it expects great things from God.

This attempt and this expectation would be justified if there were no visible connection between the Christian Mission and Chinese civilization—certainly there was none for Robert Morrison—but I believe a connection can be traced.

But that connection lies in the very nature of the National Crisis itself.

But first it will be asked, What do we mean by the term, 'national crisis'? The dictionary gives little help: *kuo nang*, 'national difficulty' fails to convey one-tenth of the meaning packed into this thrilling phrase. 'National crisis' is not the translation, but it is the *meaning*—and we are using crisis in the strictly Greek sense. The occasion is a judgment, not (note it carefully) a condemnation; it is an affirmation, a conclusion (both inductive and deductive), a turning-point, a challenge of history, a call of God.

And the question we have to

ask, as with all such *judgments* of history, past and present, European and American, is: Is there the right human stuff in this people to meet the challenge and the call? If there is not, the judgment is truly a condemnation, and China becomes one with Nineveh and Tyre, "weighed in the balance and found wanting;" and the cyclic and deterministic theories of history receive one more proof of their insight. If there is, a new Chinese nation emerges, and once again we discern the finger of the creative God.

But thank that creative God, we need have no doubts. There is the right human stuff here. Dr. Hocking on his visit to the Near East discerned "a sense of latency, brooding over all the Orient. An immense and unfathomed capacity for new life, the potency of something radically new if it can be given its own time and mode of growth." It is the same in the Far East—very striking is the number of new periodicals employing 生 'life' in their titles. This means that all attempts to read the news from China primarily in political or military or financial, or—save the mark—in economic terms, is likely to be a misreading. The news must be read in hu-

man terms. The Chinese National Crisis is a psychological crisis and must be so understood.

New Human Stuff Emerging

And it is because it is essentially psychological and educational rather than social or political or military or financial or economic, because it is the changing of people's minds rather than the changing of their institutions that it does no violence to the facts to declare that there is a Christian flavor to the new human stuff that is emerging. It is true that at this moment there are more Christians in the government of China than there are in any other government except only England and the United States. But it must be remembered that Christianity in China is a far greater thing than simply the number of Christians or any other statistics. What I mean by Christian here in contradistinction to Confucianism or Buddhism or Taoism or Lin Yutang or Science or Commerce or Western-culture-in-general is the attitude of expectancy concerning human nature; it is asking for and obtaining undreamed of achievements, it is being creative with character through fresh ideals.

And while the Mission is not the only channel of the favor (grace) of Christ to the Chinese people, it has its share in producing this new fibre discernible in the national character.

Let writers like Lin Yutang describe as they will the kaleidoscopic shifts in Chinese characteristics—it is in Chinese character that I am interested. And I shall now record some of the aspects of this new character.

(1) We used to admire the Chinese because they could endure, although we knew they could not persist. They were the oldest nation in the world but they could not repair their own Grand Canal, to take one example of official futility from many in the early years of the twentieth century. And we made merry over their own proverb depicting so graphically the futile ending of the great beginning, "A tiger's head and a snake's tail." But now just look at this national hook-up—also to take a single example—not of radio but of roads, good roads, smooth roads, straight roads, well-engineered roads, roads everywhere. Perhaps these roads will make possible quick mobilization of troops in war-time; just now in peace they

make for quick education and the abolition of provincialism and that tragic isolation which begot the old joke of the countryfolk who said to the students, "Patriotism is all right for you but you see we are not China only such and such a village!"

(2) The day of hands concealed in long sleeves and intrigue concealed in long palavers over the teacups, the day of dark ways and sly tricks—these days are over. The New Life Movement—shorn of its superficialities—"coolies must now wash behind their ears," we were informed by a writer in Asia—revised and revived under a board of six directors one of whom is our own American Board missionary, Rev. George Shepherd, is a sign that the leaders are going to stand no nonsense in their official families. Public opinion is beginning to look less at the institution and its failures and more at the man within the institution and his failures and is beginning to demand a higher type of public servant.

Stiffening the National Backbone

(3) Similar to this stiffening in the national backbone is the military regimentation, signs of which are everywhere, the

aim of which is not, as might be expected or even condoned under the circumstances, militarism, but simply social disciplin, not to make soldiers of students but cooperative team-playing citizens. There's quite a dash of New England puritanism in it all, a most unchinese discipline-for-its-own-sake!

(4) Finally there is the broad way they are viewing the political crisis, inspired by the Campaign for National Defense. There are plenty to tell the nation's leaders that there's nothing left but to fight and to fight now; and the English magazines abound in articles by western experts as to whether China can whip the enemy or must be whipped by her. But the answer is, "No, there can be no solid military front until the spiritual front is solid; if the people's morale breaks neither tanks nor credits can save them." While the enemy does everything it can to break down morale, this

new campaign is doing everything it can to build it up. And into such a reconstruction mood, Christianity fits peculiarly well. Morale in the end is more important than victory.

Against all this stirring thought and movement, the quiet life of two score missionaries in an obscure province, a few churches and schools, a few hundred church officers and members might claim very little significance. But remember that China is still a democratic country; Nanking nor Peiping is not China; China is everywhere the people are, Fukien no less than Chekiang or Hopei. How related to the restless, changing, growing minds of the new China, *our* Fukien American Board work is, the papers that follow will show. (Specific illustrations of the 'new mind' will be found in the articles on the Children's Year and Modern Medicine).

Quotations

"**H**E who would foster enduring growth will teach men, not plant trees."
— *Chinese proverb.*

"**C**HRISTIANITY is not a part of life, but an ideal that embraces the whole."— *Huang Wei Shih, Fukien, '36.*

— *R. Scott.*

Good-Bye to Dr. & Mrs. Beard

W. H. Topping

DR. and Mrs. Beard plan to leave for the home land in June, and it is not likely that we will see them again in China. Altho Dr. Beard's 70th birthday was celebrated last year with fitting oriental pomp, with presents and scrolls filling all the walls of their home, and they were placed on the retired list of American Board missionaries, they have by no means stopped working. Strongly urged by both Mission and Church, the Board consented to allow the Beards to remain in China, and the last year has been spent at Ing tai 30 miles up the Min River with their old friends the Smiths, and where both Dr. and Mrs. Beard have been of the greatest service, helping the young Principal of the Jr. Middle School. Besides, Dr. Beard has made about a dozen trips to Foochow, largely via sampan, in order to keep his many engagements, committees, preaching, and Rotary speaking.

Dr. Beard has had a most varied missionary life. Coming to Foochow in 1894, while still in language study he started a Seminary at Gek Siong-sang. From that school grad-

uated 4 of the present 11 Pastors of the Foochow City churches, and several preachers now in the Diongloh field. In those days Dr. Beard used to tour the rural districts, taking long trips up to the Ing tai and Shaowu fields—250 miles from Foochow. The next stage (1904-10) was quite a different type of life. The Board responded to the request from the Y. M. C. A. and Dr. Beard was loaned for a period of years doing promotional work for the Y in this part of China. Next came another entirely new type of work, secretary of the Board Rooms in New York from 1910-1912. Then came a jump to something different. Just to keep him from getting into a rut, he was sent back to China to be Principal of Foochow College (1912-1927), during the most stormy days in the administration of missionary educational work. He was in this position long enough to get used to it, but finally the National Educational authorities decided that heads of educational institutions had to be Chinese citizens, so Dr. Beard was given another chance to try his hand at something new.

Although his experience has been so varied, Dr. Beard has from first to last been a typical evangelistic missionary. He has kept in touch with the new generation and maintains the spirit of youth at 70, as impressive a preacher and popular a speaker as he ever was. During all these years he has been the good neighbor, never neglecting the opportunity to offer the helping hand, nor to refuse to respond to a request without good reason; his work on the various boards and committees, has been whole-

hearted, and his judgment sound. He will be missed greatly in the councils of the Church. The request went to Boston from the Church to have the Beards stay in China still further extended, but because of the pull of children and grandchildren from the home land, the Board did not think it wise to grant this request. So they leave in June with good wishes from both foreign and Chinese friends for a happy re-union in the old homestead in the U. S. A.

Nursing Notes from Union Hospital

LITTLE Uong Ciong Buang, five years of age was delighted to find that for the first time in his life he could walk. At six months of age it was found that he had tuberculosis of the knee. This last winter after prolonged treatment he was fitted to a steel leg brace (designed to keep his leg in extension) and given crutches and allowed to go home. Soon he could get over the ground as fast as the next one... in fact so much so that the corner of the brace which touched the ground at each step was worn thru and he had to return to the hospital for a new brace.

Little Bo Muoi (Precious Sister) had had her leg in extension (a bag of sand pulling on it day and night) for four or five months. Along came the day when Dr. Campbell said she could go home. There was great rejoicing not only for little four years old Bo Muoi, but her family as well. The next day her mother came bringing her to the hospital saying Bo Muoi cried all night and wanted to go back to the nurses... that at the hospital her leg did not hurt... and she had had a bed to herself and not two and three others in her bed with her. As a result the family are willing that she have a brace like the boy above.

— Hazel M. Atwood.

Leave Nothing to the Imagination

Gertrude J. Rinden

TIME was when we tried to help the mothers in Diongloh by *telling* them how to take care of their children, that is, we had meetings and qualified Chinese women would lecture on child care. The only trouble was that the mothers didn't come. The old standbys of the church would be there—you know how 'tis—and several grandmothers besides, but only two or three young mothers.

To be sure the old ladies would nod and smile patronizing approval during the talk and murmur polite appreciations after it—bowing low—but as they hobbled off, I had a feeling that they were hurrying extra fast to prevent daughters at home from trying any such notions on precious grandsons. Now these daughters, some of them, had been to our Christian school and would like to have substituted boracic acid for the charms. They would like to have gone to the infant hygiene lecture too, but it was more fitting for the head of the house to dress up and go out while they attended to babies at home.

So we asked ourselves, "How, how, are we going to get the

right mothers, the young mothers, to hear our talks? If only people would come to *hear*—no! there's a catch in that. Not hear! Not hear! But come and see!" So we evolved a new slogan for the Diongloh mothers—"Leave nothing to the imagination!" And we began to plan exhibits.

This first exhibit really was an enormous success whether judged by all the work the church members put into it, or the interest of the crowds which poured in the whole afternoon, or by the questions afterwards, or by the amount that we ourselves learned about what to do next time. We had four exhibits in four rooms of a building on a busy main street. Children's clothing was the first. Loose enough and washable were the aims there, and these abstractions were demonstrated right on lively youngsters, happy in the warmth and freedom of clothing like that on the walls, while the women in charge, explained the advantages of knitted, over quilted, cotton-wadded garments. One woman showed everyone a big doll in proper layette comfort-while too

many of the visiting babies furnished ample contrast in over tight, over much, coarse, dark clothing.

In the next room, Dr. Ngu, beside a table with wash basin, soap, water, boracic acid, iodine, gauze, and adhesive plaster was showing how to prevent this and that infection nearest to him among the visitors. Here surely was something new under the Diongloh sun—a doctor, well known for his cures, not only exposing his magic, but actually recommending prevention. It all looked so simple. Could it be, as he said, that that face so covered with infected sores, that the pus was running from one to the other, might be cured in this way?

We called the next exhibit, Christian Literature for Children, but it was the simplest kind of a showing of big colored pictures for the home, children's stories, picture books and puzzles. Here was the place of greatest interest for the families of the church, and with Mr. Cieng's help, they examined, questioned, and ordered for their own homes. The crowds, however, hurried over this to the fourth where they lingered until way after supper time.

The fourth was to be toys,

but we must have more than toys, we must, true to our slogan, have infants playing with toys. Imagine teaching babies to play after reading in the psychology books that play is an instinct. I remember once when I was telling my stories to an audience of American women, one of them exclaimed, "But wouldn't the Chinese women by this time have thought of some of the things you did and made?" What a contrast comes to the mind—between the life of mothers here and in America, beginning with sewers and ending with nursery schools. I can simply say that my neighbors, bound down by the dreary round of child-bearing and dingy household cares, will do, without thinking, what always has been done until they are *shown* an *easier* way.

Well, those tiny tots, sitting on straw mats and pouring rice husks (sand is not available in Diongloh) with bamboo dippers or their hands from one box to another won the day! Truly, if a few hours are to win over centuries, they must be filled with more than vague suggestions!

Since that exhibit we have had some kind of exhibit every year for the women of Diongloh during Christian Family

Week, when the women of the Church try to help as many mothers as will be helped. And this year we had our reward when the local government actually transformed the second anniversary of the New Life Movement from a series of parades and feasts into a campaign for special education for women! For the first time in history, a meeting for

women was held in the yamen and the Christians were asked to set up the food exhibit for babies that we had featured in our last exhibit. It was a proud moment for me when a few days later a strange woman stopped me on the street to inquire, "Where can I get some strong wire screening through which to strain my baby's spinach?"

More Nursing Notes

THE School of Nursing of the Willis F. Pierce Memorial Hospital now numbers sixty-two students, with head quarters at Union Hospital. Six students are sent to Kate C. Woodhull hospital for a rotating obstetrical service. The others get their experience in surgical and medical nursing, x-ray, children's nursing, care of men patients and dietetics at Union Hospital.

A new cap has been designed for the students of the Willis F. Pierce Memorial Hospital School of Nursing. We have had several compliments on its neat and attractive appearance.

Nurses from the Public Health department of Union Hospital under the leadership of Miss J. Jacobs go to Sieng Hung Hiong, Wu Li Ding and Lu Loi weekly. Saturday April 4th being national Children's Day a doctor and four nurses were sent to Wu Li Ding. 168 children were examined and prizes were given to the five finest one year olds, the five finest two years olds, likewise the five finest three year olds. But what to do... a pair of twin girls came in this finest class for one year olds. So Dr. Wu insisted upon a sixth prize for the second twin. Perhaps hereafter there'll be a premium on girls and twin girls (almost a calamity) in that community. On Friday, the day before and the regular visiting day some children were vaccinated free with vaccine given by the Provincial Public Health Bureau. Saturday afternoon (Children's Day) three nurses and one doctor went to the large nearby Methodist church where this was the third year they had celebrated Children's Day and examined about thirty-five children belonging to the Cradle Roll of the church. Vaccinations were given to those desiring and a talk was given to the mothers on child care.

— Hazel M. Atwood.

Highways

L. J. Christian

IN these days of China's reconstruction we are again and again reminded of the 'miles of miracles' that have taken place about us in the building of roads that have helped much in the speed and ease with which we can now cover the Foochow Plain with its hundred and more villages.

In the center of the Plain, surrounded by acres of rice paddies is the large market village of Au-seu "Back of the Hill" where for over forty years the Mission has maintained a chapel and carried on elementary educational work. In the early days in order to visit the school and chapel it was necessary to cross the miles of rice-fields afoot, or to ride in sedan chairs over the narrow, uneven stone walks. How often we wondered whether these villages would ever become really accessible, even by ricksha. And then one day we were surprised to see two lines of little red markers stretching away across the fields toward the distant mountain; and next, there lay across the carpet of green a broad white ribbon of motor road, connecting the villages

all along the line with the big city. Now buses have been running over the road for several years, and during the series of meetings recently held in Au-seu Village we were able to cover the distance there in 20 minutes.

That broad paddy-bordered highway has done more than connect these scattered rural settlements. It has had a very definite psychological effect on the minds of the people. The village temple in Au-seu, once the center of idol worship, is now used for a granary and storehouse, the idols having been made to 'shove over a bit' to make room for wood and rice. During one of our afternoon meetings, a man of influence in the village said to me, "Times have surely changed. Superstitions that had bound our people's minds for generations have gone, and many have lost faith in the idols." And our experience in the week of meetings amply verified this; for although we were there in the very coldest weather of the winter, and could offer nothing better than an old school building through

Liason Officer for Modern Medicine in China

L. G. Dyer

IN January Dr. Edward H. Hume, Medical Adviser to the National Health Administration and Executive Sec'y of the Council on Missions (of the China Medical Association), paid us a visit which brought us both pleasure and profit. Dr. Hume served a twenty-year apprenticeship at the medical school of the Yale-in-China Mission in Changsha, speaks the national language with unusual fluency and is therefore able to listen as well as to speak. His real understanding of Chinese backgrounds and Chinese psychology has made him keenly sympathetic with China's aspirations and his remarkable memory coupled with his wide acquaintance with Chinese medical men makes him especially fitted for this advisorship. To have this office held by a former missionary is most cheering.

Dr. Hume gave liberally of his time in talks and interviews and in gathering information about the medical situation and outlook here, both from the government and from the mission viewpoint. He met many of the Chinese doctors, including the members of the local Chinese medical society, in which not all are thoroly qualified M.Ds. He had interviews with the provincial health department and visited all the mission and other hospitals worthy of the name, such as the Japanese, the new government midwifery hospital, and also many schools. He addressed our joint Chinese and foreign prayer-meeting, reviewing the hundred years of western medicine in China and pointing out the stated policy of the government at the present time. He asked for a meeting of all the mission

which the winds had free course, two hundred of the villagers sat through the two hour sessions each afternoon. Not only are these days of reconstruction of city streets

and rural highways, they are in a truer sense days in which minds are opening up to new truths, and to the acceptance of Him who said "I am the way."

doctors and foreign nurses, which brought together the staff of the Anglican, Union and Community Hospitals. At this meeting he begged us to remember that the government did not have unlimited funds either and bespoke our co-operation with the government wherever possible. Its only hope of offering modern medicine to all of China will be through many dispensaries scattered through the provinces under the direction of a few large central hospitals. He said that the government had no wish to duplicate good work already in action and quoted several instances where the mission hospitals and the government had co-operated very happily. He reminded us that the medical standards set by the government were steadily rising and that mission hospitals must be on their tiptoes lest the word 'Christian' be associated with something second-rate. It is probable that the government will eventually undertake supervision of all hospitals but it is unlikely that it will demand any more than the best mission hospitals are now offering. He urged us to keep informed of what the

government is doing medically and to keep them informed of any new hopes in our work; to comply with requests for the registration of physicians, training schools and hospitals; to co-operate with it in planning for outlying district dispensaries, that such may be placed most advantageously; and to co-operate in public health and sanitation, preventive medicine campaigns, school health, and leprosy clinics. Dr. Hume stressed particularly the importance of friendly interested service to the community as opening the door for the greatest helpfulness and for winning its loyalty and bringing about its acceptance of the hospital as its own. He urged us to unify our hospital programs and training schools, and to co-operate with each other more fully. He suggested that careful study would show us wherein we could supplement rather than duplicate work, and begged us to have frequent nursing and medical conferences that we might more clearly realize that the work of medical ministry is one, not multiple, in the name the Great Physician.

The Cycle is Complete

Willard L. Beard

"DO you raise pigs?" "Yes, I raise one or two each year and fatten them to eat at New Years". "Do you want to buy one of our foreign pigs? Those seven that you see in the lot on the hill are ten months old now and they will weigh ten or fifteen pounds more at this age than an ordinary Ing Tai pig will at a year old. They have not had any extra care." "Well, I will wait and watch. If I see your pigs are much better than the ordinary pigs about here, I will buy next year."

This conversation was in March 1936, between the writer and a neighbor, a farmer in Ing Tai. I left Ing Tai a few days after and returned in a week to find the nine young pigs that we had for sale, all sold and the market unsupplied. These are a cross between Poland-China and Chester-White. Seven pigs half Chester-White and half native have been growing on the hillside in plain view from the main road to the city and people have taken notice of the rate of growth. The pigs are white, black and some spotted. They all sell. Twenty pounds in a

shoat overcomes a lot of conservatism and superstition.

The one little sow pig acquired in September 1936 has become twenty one, and a pair of beauties, thoroughbreds, Poland-China, from the Union High School, eight weeks old, swell the number to twenty-three. The pigs about live on the left-overs from the school kitchen. The students feed them and at eight weeks they bring five dollars each, at ten months they bring twenty-five dollars. At first all declared that the Ing Tai people would not buy a white or a spotted pig but they do not declare so any more.

We invested last fall in twenty white leghorn hens and two cocks. The people said no one would buy white hens, and only the four foreigners would eat the eggs. To date over two hundred eggs have been sold for hatching and people are engaging the chicks before they have hatched. Fortunately the hen has just produced this morning twelve fine chicks from thirteen eggs. Did the number have anything to do with it? The students feed the hens and keep the ac-

counts. One week ten hens produced eggs to pay for the keep of twenty-five fowls, the fifteen non-producers were native. Another week a coop of ten hens brought in a profit above their keep of nearly ten dollars. These figures do not include labor and interest on investment.

We have also three Angora rabbits and seven goats, one a fine young Saanen doe, nearly one year old due to freshen in a few days. Will the people drink goat's milk?

Beside animal husbandry the students have become gardeners. As a result we have had lettuce, carrots, endive, spinach, beets, cabbage, turnips, sweetcorn, swiss chard, kohlraby, peas, brussels sprouts, Irish potatoes, wheat and Kentucky wonders. The last five are on the way.

The students have been studying animal husbandry and gardening in the class room and each has had some part in

the practical work. The object has been to interest the farmers of Ing Tai in the improvement of pigs, hens and goats and in planning a rotation of vegetables that will provide for the whole year. Just now there is no vegetable. We are trying to introduce the foreign cabbage and Swiss chard. This will come just as the native white cabbage gives out.

The call for eggs for hatching and for pigs has come from all over the district, showing that conservatism against the use of anything new and superstition against white animals have been punctured.

I started to learn farming seventy years ago. I have responded to the call here in Foochow to every kind of work that the church was engaged in,—even to being "in charge" of the Ponasang Men's Hospital for a year—and now this past year I end up my missionary work by coming back to farming. The cycle is complete.

"IN this period of our National Crisis, we must have resources. Our religion will alone supply us."— *President C. J. Lin.*

"FOR myself as a Chinese Christian I am committed to internationalism and unlimited fellowship."— *Prof. T. C. Chao (Yenching University)*

"CHRISTIANITY is either the one religion for mankind or it is altogether nonsense."— *Edwin Bevan, "Christianity," p. 201.*

"CHRISTIANITY is the answer to the religious questions of mankind."— *William Ernest Hocking, "Modern Trends in World Religions," p. 141.*
— *R. Scott.*

The Children's Year

Bertha H. Allen

THIS is Children's Year in China. The Government has so declared, and has worked out a program with definite aims for each month of the year.

When I asked my English Class in the Union Kindergarten Training School what Foochow was doing to cooperate, they waxed quite eloquent. Their enthusiasm was such that they all wanted to talk at once. They reported that the primary schools have had a children's athletic meet, a big entertainment given by children, a science contest, an exhibition of handwork, a children's concert and an oratorical contest. Many groups of children have gone on excursions, the bus companies being very generous with their service. Others have taken walks to places of interest, as our younger children did last week to view a famous garden.

Children's literature is being emphasized. The wealth of jolly little picture books, newspapers and magazines with gay pictures is a great contrast to the dearth of such material only a few years ago. Children's Libraries are scattered

about the city. One near us is very attractive, with a teacher in charge to help with the hard characters in the books. Books are not taken home, but low tables and seats are provided.

Health is gaining much attention. Last year our Foochow Government kindergartens had weekly visits by doctor and nurse. This year the service has been extended to the primary schools. Our own kindergarten has such service from the Union Hospital staff. Health posters and talks over the radio also are used. A government inspector visited us last week to see if our children were having the proper hygienic conditions. He seemed to be wholly satisfied! Vaccination is being urged and pamphlets distributed on child care.

Our kindergarten parents are much interested in our monthly meetings and come out in good numbers. As there are so many cases of measles about just now, this last meeting we asked a doctor to talk on that subject.

On April 4th, National Children's Day, school play-

grounds were thrown open to all children and special movies and programs were put on at various centers. One government kindergarten, in charge of two of our graduates, used the opportunity to have their children give to blind and poor children. They came to report the children's interest in this, and I told them I had always coveted the joy of a "Christmas giving" for the government school children and was delighted to know they were having a chance.

Here at the U.K.T.S., amid gay decorations, our kindergarten children entertained their young friends. Games in groups about the garden, a short program, learning the National Children's Day Song, making toy airplanes and gathering on the lawn to "fly" them gave nearly three hundred children a happy afternoon. With their little baskets of cookies and candies and their gay badges and precious airplanes they departed after the party.

Some of the subjects being given special study by experts are child labor problems, care for orphans and disabled children, public playgrounds, prevention of cruelty to children, training in citizenship, suitable toys, ways of using native materials and helping in national reconstruction, and summer health camps.

As stated in the Government Program, "The aim of the Children's Year is to arouse public interest in emphasizing the need of normal development of children,—physically, intellectually and spiritually,—and to advocate, protect and insure the rights of the children of China for bringing them up to be healthy and useful citizens of the nation."

It is most encouraging to us who have been working with and for children in Mission schools to feel that we are right in line with this year's program and that the nation is becoming conscious of the importance of the development of the little child.

The Fly Story

THE Y.M.C.A. was conducting a week's health-institute in Foochow City and one afternoon a Chinese doctor was lecturing on the dangers of the fly to a large audience,—an exceptionally good talk well illustrated with American lantern-slides showing enormously magnified flies. The friend who told me the story was tingling with that comfortable feeling which comes when some one else does justice to one's own special interest. Here at last, it *must* be getting across; then near her she heard a woman stage-whisper, "Well, no wonder Americans are afraid of flies if they have them that big!"

— Gertrude J. Rinden.

Dawn at Kuliang

Martha Wiley

DAWN at last on Kuliang! For decades foreigners have been going to this mountain ridge to escape the summer heat, and for almost the same length of time the villagers have stoutly resisted the Gospel.

But a few years ago a Bible woman, Mrs. Ngu, took up her residence in one of the villages and from there has worked among the surrounding population. She has met persecution, has been accused of theft, has had a very serious illness because of poor living quarters, and has had many minor annoyances, but she has won out.

On Sunday, April 5th, I was with her and attended the church services in the village schoolhouse. There were seventeen of the village women in attendance with their children, a group of large girls that she had taught, and four men, besides the teacher's father who preaches a short sermon each Sunday.

A chorus that Dr. Dan Poling gave to the Foochow Christians during his visit last year was written on the blackboard and visiting Bible woman taught the congregation to sing

it. Their lusty voices that can shout from one hilltop to another rang out, "I Choose Jesus," — after such a long, long wait!

The previous Sunday Mr. Topping had held a communion service and received two members to the church, making more than twenty baptized Christians now in the Kuliang villages, besides many others who are friendly to the message.

Considering that this Sunday was the exact date of the "Festival of Tombs" and that a theater was going full force all day, the attendance was very good. Some of the non-Christians had put up a shaky structure on the Club grounds and were having grand entertainment, just stopping long enough to eat their feast. Others were off on the hillsides sweeping the graves and putting paper money on them. The Christians had refused to contribute money to the theater and were supposed to stay away from it. Their refusal to contribute meant a clean break with the idolatrous practices of their neighbors.

I had three invitations to

feast with my neighbors of the summer time and accepted the first, which was in the home of the first of the villagers to come out boldly as a Christian. "Don't be afraid to eat with us," they said, "as it is too cold for flies to be out", thus proving that the facts of hygiene had reached even Kuliang. The pigs and chickens of this farm were kept in a house of their own and the home was very tidy.

What a blessed contrast to most of the places that I had visited with Mrs. Ngu the day before, when we had to compete with the children, angry dogs, and frightened hens to

get a hearing! Mrs. Ngu puts the Christians through the catechism, teaches them Scripture verses and short prayers, talks on hygiene in a most intimate way, and sometimes "admonishes"—in fact, is rather strong on that—then is off to the next family. It is amazing how she can run up and down the mountain paths on her little, deformed, unbound feet.

Dawn at Kuliang? Shall we not rather say that the Sun of Righteousness *has* arisen with healing in His wings to those who fear His name in the villages of that beautiful mountain range?

Mr. Smith's Sketches

"I was hungry and ye fed me."

WE toiled up the long stone steps of the mountain trail, 400 of them, and at the top in the gap came on an old temple. Smoke was adding to the blackness of the rafters, for here was an emaciated woman heating water to serve tea to passers-by. While we sat down to cool off and wipe the perspiration from our faces, her little boy came to offer each of us a cup of fragrant tea. He was even more of a skeleton than his mother. Father had been dead for years. An older brother had gone off seven years before seeking work and had not been heard from since. So on this little chap of eleven summers, weighing less than forty pounds had fallen the duty of breadwinner for mother, and he had been carrying heavy loads of wood until his strength gave way and his bare feet were blood-stained. Well, the only thing to do was to take him into the Christian orphanage for a year to build up the emaciated body and give him a reprieve from forced child-labor, and a look into the child's heaven, a Christian home.

— E. H. Smith.

How They Come

Guy A. Thelin

ABOUT four miles from Foo-chow near the fork of two rivers lies a village unnoticed among the many others on that same plain. In this village, typical of old China, are several houses. In one of these lived a family with three children. The father was a man who drank and gambled to such an extent that the mother committed suicide. The grandmother took care of the family as best she could.

One day the young lad of the family was present in a native-medicine shop while the proprietor was dispensing some drugs to a well-dressed man who had come in for a special prescription. After the man had gone, the shopkeeper discovered that he had made a mistake and actually given the purchaser some poison. He rushed out to hunt for the man but failed to find him. In an agony of fear he went to the village pastor, who suggested they pray about it. The young lad was present. They had done what they could and the rest was left with God. A day or two later the man in question came back to the shop quite alive and in his right

mind. The proprietor was astonished. What had happened? It was learned that about the time the group were in prayer, the man was entering his house, when he stumbled and fell and spilled the medicine he bought. To the young lad here was a real answer to prayer. The boy began forthwith to make friends with the pastor.

Some time later a missionary was going through that district and learned of the lad. He was given an opportunity to go to school. Funds from abroad would make this possible. The school authorities did not feel like taking in such an unlikely lad who was not educated yet he was grown up. The missionary insisted that the school try out the lad and see how he would do as a student with special standing.

The young man has graduated from the junior high school and is entering the senior high. He is an outstanding Christian worker both in the field as a witnessing evangelist and among his fellow-students. The boys call him "preacher" but this does not daunt him. He is known by all the students

and staff for his out and out stand for Christ. During his spare time he is making good use of every opportunity to show something of his Master's love with the result that many of the students have been greatly helped by him. During vacations he will often go with a group to do evangelistic work in the country. The best testimony given was from a fellow student who said, "When you meet him he gives you friendly influence and courage just from his looks.

You know he is a vital Christian."

Here is an evangelist in the making. China needs such youths by the thousands. They have no material goods, no opportunity for education but for the generosity of friends who believe in doing the work of the Master. Is it not worthwhile to have a share in the training of this future Christian evangelist who is showing to all who know him the power of love by keeping in constant touch with the Living Christ?

Miracles

A hundred yards from the Union High School there is a group of native houses in a community which dates back to the time of Charlemagne. The people for the most part are uneducated and superstitious. They know much of the ancient Chinese customs and modes of living and they look with curiosity upon the life nearby as manifested by the "foreigners" and the foreign-looking houses and school, and the new ways. Chinese students and teachers are interesting to them, but they find them hard to understand.

In one of these homes lies a young girl who has been ill for a long time. The native doctors have been called in and dispensed the native remedies but all to no avail; the girl will die.

One day the missionary lady drops in with the Community House nurse, and learns about the case. After much talk the girl's family is prevailed upon to allow the missionary to take the girl to a Christian hospital. She will die anyway, that is sure. Into the hospital she goes and hovers between life and death for days. Then she rallies. After weeks of treatment she gradually improves until one day she is dismissed from the hospital. The family and neighbors speak of her as one who has 'risen from the dead.' What power these foreigners have!

This is just one of the 'miracles' in the missionary's life. The young girl is now full of vigor and is learning something of the Christian way of life. Will you at the home base multiply the opportunities for such service?

— Elizabeth C. Thelin

Volunteers

Leona L. Burr

DURING China New Year vacation, fourteen boys and girls from nine different high schools in Foochow City volunteered to go and live in a certain village for three weeks. They carefully prepared to teach the villagers what they could about Christianity, the New Life Movement and the necessity of education for their children. They also conscientiously pledged themselves to live a simple, friendly life while there. The girls lived in one house and the boys in another, nearby. They arose each morning at six and when the girls over-slept, the boys sang a "Good Morning" song at their door. They did all their own work including cooking. They were forced to eat rice and vegetables only because the meat had all been salted down for China New Year feasting and no one was willing to sell a pound.

These students had drill each morning to show the curious spectators how right exercise strengthens the body. The girls spent the forenoons visiting in the Christian homes where they held Bible Classes and helped the women with sewing and taking care of sick children. The boys went into well-to-do families and talked to the men about village problems. They found one home so bothered by the "Fox Spirit"

which appeared every night in a windowless room that the family had been reduced to widows and one man only. The students observed that he had T. B.

The afternoons were spent in different, smaller villages. In each place they selected a widespreading banyan tree in which they hung a colorful picture and under which they began to sing Chinese melodies. This never failed to draw an audience. In one place the children were so quarrelsome that they could not hold their attention with stories or songs. In another, the 'teen-age boys were so afraid of having their pictures taken in ragged, old clothes that they broke up the meeting. But in most places these students made an event in the village and they were asked to come back again.

The evenings afforded the most constructive form of teaching. All the villagers were invited into one large house where they were led in discussion of the actual problems that hover over China today. It was hard for them to see how they are a part of China but the students come back to school feeling that when the farmers do understand, they will also volunteer to help meet the demands of the New Day.

Cut-Outs

Josephine C. Walker

OUR cut-out Christmas cards and linen work have made a great difference to some women and girls out here, who would otherwise have had to sell their children or themselves, go to a Buddhist nunnery, or slowly starve to death at home.

One of these women is a former Wen Shan school girl; married young to help finance her family when out of work. She has two children to sell or support. The father is living and a day laborer on the roads, where the pay is so poor he can hardly support himself, and where the camps in which they live are so unhealthy, he is sick at home much of the time. She is my best worker in cut-outs. Her early training shows in her work. Those of you who have enjoyed her Christmas cards can be doubly happy that you have helped her keep her children and a Christian home.

Some of the women in our Bible School do this cut-out work, also the linen applique, to help pay expenses. As usual our numbers are likely to reach seventy this term. The number is only limited by our ability to supply work for those willing and wanting a chance to better their lot.

Two of these are young widows with no children, whose

fathers-in-law wish to realise on them by having them remarry. They are determined not to, as they know too well that a widow remarried is likely to find herself sold indeed.

Three other girls studying and working here are refugees from the city of Kienning which was taken by the Reds. Their mothers and they have been doing applique and cut-out work. That and the betrothal money for one of the girls has given one family of five a scant two meals a day during the past year.

Their home is the theater stage in a guild hall which they along with clan idols can have rent free. Twice a week the mother walks five miles to get a little work from me to help support herself, her boy, and the two girls in here. The father has an uncertain job in another city and has just sent back six dollars, one half of his first month's wage, so to-day the mother came to pay for the girls' school books.

Friends tell the mother she has reversed the proper order, with her girls in school and her boy at home. She had hoped to get him into a government school for the destitute; but others with more pull filled all the vacancies. Would I not like to find something better for the lad!

Straws

Agnes M. Christian

"**T**HERE comes a group of interesting-looking girls, — five of them clustered around a home-made banner of paper fastened to a bamboo stick. That means some sort of propaganda, — I wonder what it is this time."

Hardly had I finished my thought when the group approached me with a remark, made in Mandarin, and spoken a bit hesitantly. When I showed my surprise and lack of comprehension, one of the girls in the smiling group pointed to the slogan on the banner, and repeated the words 'fai chi' — airplane. Then it dawned on me that I was being given an opportunity to contribute to the famous birthday gift which the students are supposed to be making to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday. We had heard that all students were required to contribute three dollars each, and all teachers at least ten percent of their salaries for a month. Now it seems that the students are permitted to carry on a sort of indiscriminate 'tag day' in the effort to cover their share of the assessment!

This morning comes a printed card of invitation from the Provincial Department for the New Life Movement, asking

the pleasure of our presence at the four day art exhibit to be held in the Provincial Library on East Street for the benefit of flood sufferers in North China.

Several afternoons this week there have been well-planned and well-attended services in the Lau Memorial Church to which the students of our various schools have been specially invited for Passion Week Meetings.

While our entire church is in the doldrums over a case of disciplining two pastors, the doing of regular church work has been unusually strenuous. It is therefore most encouraging that we can report the appearance since the first of the year of two flourishing Sunday Schools, one at East Gate church and one at Au-seu village. In both places the work is carried on by local workers, and we hope will become a permanent feature. So many Sunday Schools have heretofore been entirely dependent on the coming of students from some Mission School to conduct the classes, and have therefore been discontinued as soon as schools closed! These new schools are looking for a boom, both in attendance and available teachers when the summer vacation arrives!!

Students at Bible-Study

Laura D. Ward

THE present generation of students knows nothing about the Bible. Can't we use our Sunday evenings for a study group?" The question came from a young teacher and we were only too glad to have it asked. Fortunately most of the boarding girl students are from Christian homes so there would be hearty co-operation from the parents and probably no criticism from the government authorities especially if the group met in our house. We always end the evening with a quiet game so there is no lack of enthusiasm.

One of the first evenings we came upon the problem of evil spirits. We found that almost every one in the room was afraid of them because of the stories they had heard from other children and grown-ups. Our talks have cleared up their minds and we agreed that it is better not to circulate such stories.

As the new term opened up the questions raised by students all over the country came up. We chose about five of these and have had several very interesting evenings to-

gether discussing them. "Where is heaven? Is there a God? What proofs have we? What proofs that we have souls? What of the after life? the end of the world?" But most real and vital now is the Christian attitude toward Japan, toward war under the present conditions, what can Christianity present as a solution of China's difficulties. During the lenten season our thought centered especially on Jesus' attitude toward death, eternal life and how he showed us the way to learn to love our enemies.

A local group of Christians unwilling to cooperate with the church are holding meetings in another part of the town setting forth the literal interpretations of the Bible, emphasizing the books of Daniel and Revelations, disputing the theory of evolution. Though we deprecate the dissension brought about in this way we are glad to have these young people pressed to find the reason for the faith that is in them. They are ready now to search their Bibles to find out just what it does mean.

A few years ago we were

dismayed by the new government regulations forbidding the formal study of the Bible within the curriculum as a required subject. To-day we are perplexed how to "guide them into all truth" as they come to us in their search for the

solution of these pressing problems, which are baffling wiser heads than theirs. How can we help them to plant their feet upon the "rock" in time to withstand the storm that is already threatening to sweep them away?

Another of Mr. Smith's Sketches

How Much is a Boy Worth?

I met him this evening. Bright, clear-eyed, ruddy cheeks. Father and mother both dead. Only a grandmother and he to face the world without resources aside from their own four hands. The old lady got the opportunity to cook and wash in the village school but there was no work for little John to do nor food for him. So he was forced to the lodge of all the outcast in a Chinese village; he had to sleep and live in dirty idol temples. An old man who had once been a barber offered to teach the boy whenever he could to cut hair. The village preacher came bringing this little chap to me. "Something ought to be done for this child of 13." In a few months he would be lost in the undertow of heathen degradation and vice in which he must live day and night, indescribable and unbelievable to you and me. Well, the preacher said eight dollars Mexican (\$2.50 US) would take care of him for four of five months in the Christian chapel and in September when the schools opened, \$15.00 would care for him for an entire year in our Christian boarding school. So we worked it out that way, lest one of these little ones should perish. And I think it was a bargain for the kingdom of God.

— E. H. Smith.

THE end of the longest, coldest winter we have known in Foochow found five of our mission sick at the same time in the Union Hospital. Since nurse Jacobs was among this number, how glad we were that Miss Atwood was back from furlough. It took all of her ingenuity to keep these obstreperous foreign patients patient. While Mr. Smith was one of these forced vacationists, Mrs. Smith carried on in Ing tai and said she felt like the Old Woman in the Shoe with the eighty little orphans.

Cooperation

W. H. Topping

THE representatives of Churches and Boards in Fukien are not only discussing, but are putting into effect the possibilities of closer cooperation. Secretaries from the home Boards visited Fukien in 1935 (Drs. Fairfield & Cartwright), and together with the leaders on the field surveyed our common task to ascertain whether there was overlapping and competition which could be eliminated. It was found that we have an unusual amount of Union work, in our Evangelistic, Educational, and Medical work, such as the Fukien Christian Council, the Fukien Union Christian University and some union schools of Middle school grade, and the Union Hospital which Dr. Edward Hume maintains ranks among the few high grade hospitals in China. We could see however further possibilities of Union work all along the line.

Our latest step in cooperation is the Union Theological Seminary which took place in the fall of 1935. At present the Methodist and Congregational Churches only have united in this enterprise, but the

Anglicans are now ready to come in on the Union, and are only being held up until the President of the Seminary returns from America. The Anglicans are already cooperating in the school, the freshmen class of the Anglican Seminary attending classes in the Union Seminary, and one teacher giving part time. The Methodist Woman's Bible school is also cooperating by having many of their classes in the Union Seminary, while Union Seminary students take some classes in the Woman's Bible School. It will just be a matter of time until both the Anglican Seminary and the Woman's Bible School become an integral part of the Union, under a common board of managers.

This Union Seminary receives graduates from Jr. Middle Schools, but the students have usually had some experience in teaching in primary schools before entering the Seminary. They are more mature than the ordinary Jr. Middle School graduates. Those who have read the report of the Kuling Conference with Dr. Weigle (1935), entitled:

"Education for Service in the Christian Church in China," will recognize that our Union Seminary ranks as a "Theological Training School". As conditions permit, the grade of the school will be gradually raised to the rank of a "Theological College", or College Grade. However at the present stage of the work of the Church in Fukien, our graduates will go out into our rural fields, the rural parishes can in a measure support them, and there is provision for continued theological study for those

in service. Promising students can go on to higher training at Nanking or elsewhere, and become prepared for work in the best city churches. The pastor of the largest Methodist Church in Foochow is a graduate of the Methodist School of the same grade before the Union; he simply went on to higher grade schools, proving that any promising student may get a foundation here upon which he may build if the opportunity opens for him to go on to further study.

How Foochow College Prepared

OUR students are all in uniform and all have clipped heads—khaki boy-scout uniforms and clipped heads in junior high, black uniforms with clipped heads in senior high. Military drill under a government trained military leader is held each day. This leader is a fine type of man whom all respect. There must be obedience and cleanliness where he rules. Strict inspection of rooms is given every day. It is impressive to be at the service of the flag raising and the flag lowering, where the whole student body of 363 stand at attention. All this is good—yes, excellent—if it were only in a better cause!

The first year senior high have had six weeks of regular classes. Now, April 10th, they have gone to live in barracks until Aug. 15th. The loss of 50 of our student body is felt. We do miss their activity. Every Sunday they can go home; the rest of the week they are kept busy drilling, marching, and going through sham battles. The drill in the hot sun they dread, yet even that can be endured for the sake of their country.

— Susan E. Armstrong.

Mission News

DR. and Mrs. Beard have been spending their last year in China in beautiful Ing tai. Mrs. Beard took English classes for Miss Lanktree who is on furlough and Dr. Beard has assisted Principal Chiu in the industrial projects of the school. The youthful enthusiasm of the Beards as they go about doing "last things" in preparation for retirement this June is a source of wonderment. It is with the greatest of admiration that we see them round out their four decades in China.

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EVERYONE in the mission was much pleased with Miss Helen Calder's visit in March. Her keen understanding of mission problems, her friendly interest in each special job, and the inspiration she brought to us made her stay most delightful.

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WE have all Oh'ed and Ah'ed over the new clothes and the extra pep which Helen Smith brought back from America. How lucky we feel to have her back. She and Lyda Houston share the big job of Religious Education at Wen Shan where the enrollment is unusually large.

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THE first thing that Miss Hartwell tells you these days is that fifteen of her girls are ready and wanting to join the church this spring.

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IT seems most appropriate that Dr. Dyer should choose Jane Addams for the subject of her Anti-Cobweb club paper. That same passion to help the unfortunate keeps Dr. Dyer working long hours in her hospital for women and children.

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DR. Margaret Tucker (Methodist) is beginning her work in Union Hospital where her services are very much appreciated.

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MISS Burr has just given another play—"The Run Away Clown"—in which she incorporated the term's work in music for one of her Foochow College classes. The beautiful finished production was enjoyed by the whole school.

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DR. and Mrs. Hinman and Miss Wiley with Principal and Mrs. Hsueh spent February in Shanghai and Nanking in the interests of Foochow College.

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A recent guest of the mission remarked at Campbell's that she didn't expect to find "Christendom" on a doctor's table. All the mission is stimulated by Dr. Campbell's wide reading in extra-surgery fields.

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MR. and Mrs. Brewster Bingham visited Mrs. Bingham's father, Mr Beach, at Christmas during vacation from their study at the Peiping Language school. We look forward to the time when they will be working with the students here in Foochow.

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ANOTHER guest from America expressed his surprise that missionary wives had to teach their own children. Mrs. Topping, Mrs. McClure, Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Rinden will tell you that school is a full time job.

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FOR a month this winter Fukien Christian University could boast two philosophers, both well known in American Board circles. Dr. Hugh Vernon White and Mr. Roderick Scott. Guest professor and professor at the University had a great time together over their classes.

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JUST now our treasurer is having a taste of school too while Mrs. McClure is convalescing after an operation in Shanghai. Mr. McClure teaches Geography after hours.

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THE Christian community in Foochow is looking forward to the Easter Concert in which all the Christian middle schools and the University take part under Mrs. Scott's direction.

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CAROLYN Campbell at two prefers to talk Chinese but she will translate if we insist—that is when her idiom is too Chinese for some of us not born in China.

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MISS Josephine Walker says that her women's Bible classes can make their own Bible pictures. The rest of us know that it is Miss Walker's clever planning of cut outs and colors that turns necessity into a meaningful activity.

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MR. Christian has been playing the interdenominational game this winter. In the Fall with two Chinese pastors, Anglican and Congregational, he held a series of meetings in a rural Methodist Church! Since then several other churches have asked for their help with special meetings. The women of the church were glad of Mrs. Christian's suggestions for their programs when she went to Diongloh with this trio.

MR. Thelin is giving a good deal of attention to the new building at Union High—one being built largely with Chinese funds. It will house laboratories for seed selection, fruit canning and other experiments valuable to these students who are going to lead in China's much talked of rural reconstruction. Music and English at Union High and Mark and Robert at home keep Mrs. Thelin and Grandma Cushman more than busy. Mark is in the "Grandma show book" stage while Robert is content just to sit on her lap.

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MISS Ward and Mr. Rinden are much encouraged by the beginning they have made with lay leadership training institutes in country churches. They say that they learn a good deal on these extended stays with church members—a good deal besides learning to eat rice and fish and sleeping on bed boards, we suppose they mean.

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DID you know that Miss Allen can transpose a Chinese street song into something that U.K.T.S. girls can play? She jots down some words about clean hands and faces, and you have just that song that's needed for the kindergarten kiddies. She can and does this while she's waiting for a committee meeting.

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THE first meeting of Miss Armstrong's stamp club was a great success. Eighteen Senior High students of Foochow College spent an hour after school selecting and cataloging the stamps which their friends in U. S. A. had sent them through Miss Armstrong. They were hearty in their appreciation of them.

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MR. Topping continues to be a very busy man with the problem of the church as it now is and the teaching of our future ministers in the Union Theological Seminary.

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THE mission's enthusiasm over Miss Thomas's return after two years in America is only matched by her own great joy at being back to begin her new work as instructor at Fukien Christian University. All who have heard Miss Thomas's speeches can imagine the treat which she gave the mission in telling them of her year at Pleasant Hill Academy, Tennessee.



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